If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue mee: both are my kinsmen;
Th'one T'one is my Soueraine, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Coosin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
Barckly castle And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

to *Bush.* The Wind sits faire for newes to go for *Ireland*,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Therein *Bush.* Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Bristoll *Greene.* Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will ~~will~~ I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as *Yorke* thriues to beat backe *Bullingbrooke*

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

This line with the following one is given to Bushie 2dit. *Bush.*

Bush. Well, weemay
Bag. I feare me neuer.
Enter Heref
Bull. How farre is it n
North. Beleeue me no
I am a stranger in Glocest
These high wild hils and
Drawes out our miles, an
And yet your faire discou
Making the hard way sw
But I bethinke me what a
From Rauenspurgh to C
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wa
Which I protest hath ve
The tediousnesse and pro
But theirs is sweetened wi
The present benefite tha
And hope to ioy is little
Then hope inioyed; by t
Shall make their way see
By sight of what I haue, y
Bul. Of much lesse va
Then your good words.
Enter Ha
North. It is my sonne,
Sent from my brother W
Harry, how fares your V
Per. I had thought my
North. Why? is he n
H. Per. No my good L
Broken his staffe of offic
The houshold of the Ki
North. What was his
When last we spake toge
H. Per. Because your L
But he my Lord, is gone
To offer seruice to the D
And sent me ouer by Bar

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